

Napalm Death, Social Sterility

Time for my omittance, from a sterile existence.
Where the weekend pays homage to stereotypical perpetuation.

Must inebriate my senses into a state of delirium.
Before I turn to the meatrack from my penile selection.

Apathy spreads in unison with sexual disease.
A scourge that infests the cattle markets of youth.

Unconscious, just promiscuous.
Deprived of self respect.
In the selling of their bodies.
All emotions dead.

Thoughts absorbed.
Lost in sense of direction.
It's time to sit down.
And re - assess my course of action